

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

NUMBER 4290

25 DECEMBER, 1937

SIXPENCE

CHRISTMAS DAY coincides with this issue of the *Saturday Review*, and we take this opportunity of offering our readers every possible good wish and of thanking them again for the encouragement they have given us by their loyal support throughout the past year. We have every confidence that we can rely upon that support in the future, and we hope in an early issue in the New Year to be able to announce certain changes and developments that will, we trust, meet with our readers' cordial approval.

THE FUTILITY OF the public discussion of international affairs at the present moment is illustrated by Tuesday's debate in the House of Commons. No new information and no suggestion of any value was advanced by any speaker and it is rather late in the day to remind us that England cannot be the policeman of the world. Mr. Chamberlain's remarks about Japan were firm and dignified and Mr. Churchill was his brilliant self. "The angel of peace should be unsnubbable" is a pretty phrase, but it is scarcely a policy in itself.

LUDENDORFF, Hindenburg's old Chief of Staff, ranks high among the commanding officers of the War, though his ability fell short of genius, and he was entirely lacking in that political sense without which a commander is doomed to final failure. Experts are now doubtful whether the reputation won by Hindenburg and Ludendorff in the great victory of Tannenberg was not really due to work and plans carried out before their appearance on the scene. The two generals together certainly formed an ideal association; for each one remedied the other's defects and brought to their collaboration a precious equilibrium. A true type of the Prussian officer of the old school, Ludendorff despised his enemies, and his fixed belief even to the end that the German armies could achieve a complete victory in the field was among the causes that led to their collapse. After the War, his attacks on Hindenburg and Christianity were suggestive of madness rather than inspiration, and his new paganism could only appeal to those who had drowned their reason and historical sense in the lucubrations of Houston Chamberlain.

THE KIPLING STORY *The Times* published this week is but another illustration of the oft-repeated dictum that the more famous an author, the less is his judgment to be relied upon regarding what is the best of his work. Shakespeare, of course, in this as in other respects is in a class by himself; he does not appear to have bothered his head in the slightest what Posterity thought about him or what became of his manuscripts. Hence those Baconian "tears"! Milton, we know, had a special fondness for his

"Paradise Regained," which no one now, except for examination purposes, can be induced to read. And so it is with other literary giants of the past. And if Kipling thought so little of his Recessional that he was for consigning it, in disgust, to the waste-paper basket, that was merely in accord, his admirers may argue, with the eccentricities of genius that the immortal bard assured us is so much akin to madness. To-day there are many who think that this poem-hymn will go on resounding down the ages whatever else may be Posterity's verdict about the rest of Kipling's work. That view may or may not prove to be wholly correct, but for our present joy in the "Recessional" we may at least be thankful that Providence intervened—in the person of Miss Sara Norton—to prevent this majestic poem going the way of the waste-paper-dustbin road to the incinerator's oblivion.

GOOD WINE NEEDS no bush, but good beer should taste all the better when a hostelry displays an ale garland to show that ale punch is being served. The recipes for possets and other warming mixed drinks are still preserved, and though the wine-lover may shudder a little at the thought of sherry mixed with ale, they have a traditional attraction for those whose heads and digestions are strong enough to ward off a morning headache. There has recently been a great improvement in English inns, but little in English beer. The curse of the tied house is on the land, thanks to the intemperance of the temperance party, and a man may travel all over England without finding a pint of real home-brewed. The individual brewing licence has almost disappeared. Thirty or forty years ago the walker round Oxford could quench his thirst in good nut-brown ale brewed on the spot. To-day he finds in almost every district beer that is brewed in vast quantities without any of the charming peculiarities that characterised the local product.

CEYLON'S EXPORTABLE TEA quota is to be raised by five per cent. to 92½ per cent. of the standard export from April 1st next. At present the Ceylon standard quota is 251,522,617 lbs. of tea, and the raising of the quota will enable her to release another 12,766,130 lbs. This increased quota follows one of five per cent. made on May 14 this year. The International Tea Committee, which is responsible for these increases has controlled the world's tea for five years. In the first year of control Ceylon had an exportable quota of 85 per cent. This rose by 2½ per cent. in the second year and was reduced again to 82½ per cent. in the third and fourth years. On April 1st this year Ceylon's quota was 82½ per cent., but this was subsequently raised in May to 87½ per cent. The new

quota will therefore be one of 10 per cent. on the year. When the scheme was started the United Kingdom's stocks were 293,831,000 lbs. of tea, and at March 31st, 1937, those stocks had decreased by 12,000,000 lbs.

**C**EYLON IS TO CONFER on coconuts. The holding of an All-Ceylon Coconut Conference, representative of all aspects of the industry, has been recommended by the Coconut Planters' Joint Committee, and the Director of the Ceylon Coconut Research Scheme is to be asked to make arrangements for a Conference next year. The delegates will have much to talk about, for the coconut provides a hundred and one products, from vinegar, oil, rope, copra, arrack and cattle food to mattress fibre, charcoal for gas masks, drinking vessels, mats and, of course, desiccated coconut. But the list of these products is still being extended. Only recently it was announced that paper can be made from the nut's husk.

**I**F "SAPPER" is, to his many admirers' regret, no longer with us, his Bulldog Drummond still holds the stage—at the Savoy Theatre, in the play jointly written by "Sapper" and Gerald Fairlie. This is the kind of play that will have a special appeal to all young people at home for the Christmas holidays as also to those of their elders who enjoy a drama packed with thrills and exciting adventure and just the right amount of boisterous humour. Mr. Henry Edwards, in the name part, is excellent and is ably supported by a strong cast, who keep the piece moving at a fast and furious pace, whether as sinister crooks or as those who foil them.

**T**HE PRIESTLEY PLAYS are still running, and now that the holidays are in full swing many people will be glad of the opportunity to see them. *People At Sea* at the Apollo is a play that should attract people of all ages, for the plot has movement and excitement about it, besides the philosophical thought that lies behind it all.

At the Victoria Palace, *Me and My Girl* is a piece of rollicking nonsense, with a couple of really good and catchy songs. Lupino Lane, the missing heir to great estates, is discovered by the family solicitor, and is duly plumped down in the Baronial Hall. Here the Duchess endeavours to educate him, for he has hitherto been brought up by cockneys in a London slum. Teddie St. Denis, as Sally, is first rate; she sings and dances delightfully. George Graves is a tower of strength, and the supporting cast keep up a good swing.

**"PAINTED SPARROWS,"** at the Embassy, is a comedy in Sussex dialect by Guy Paxton and E. V. Hoile. The action takes place in a farmhouse, where the farmer's ambitious wife takes in lodgers, hoping thereby to line her pockets and find a suitable husband for her daughter. The lodgers are, of course, paying guests, and the elderly farmer, admirably played by Hugh Casson, is forced reluctantly to dress for

dinner. Richard Goolden appears as a cockney, Syd Fish by name, whose motor-cycle has fallen sick by the way. He stops at the farm, and from the start he takes the audience collectively and individually into his confidence. Everyone loves Mr. Fish—with true cockney understanding he is ready for any emergency. A most amusing play, and another success to the credit of the Forsyth Players.

**"LABELS,"** by H. J. Pullein-Thompson, at Fay Compton's Portfolio Playhouse, is an interesting family piece. The central theme is an old one, the possibility of marriage into a different class; but it is carefully and amusingly handled. The play is intended to depict a number of well recognised types behaving in a crisis exactly as might be expected, and if it fails to be convincing the fault does not lie with the author. The players are all pupils of the Fay Compton School, many appearing for the first time on the professional stage, so that a certain over-emphasis in these intentionally standard rôles is to be excused. But for Diana King no excuse is needed. In the part of the chemist's daughter, which was perhaps not so labelled as the others, she was most convincing. It is not possible to commend this play to theatre-goers because it came off last Sunday, but we can commend instead the enterprise of those responsible for presenting this piece to the public. The same theatre is, at the beginning of the new year, putting on a genuine children's play, *Corallina*; a type that is badly needed now that the pantomime is spoilt by revue chorus and doubtful comedians.

**T**HE CINEMAS HAVE, as usual, many new attractions for Christmas. Chief of these is the new Greta Garbo picture, at the Empire. This is a romantic version of Napoleon's love affair with Marie Walewska and, if both the Polish Countess and Napoleon are idealised, the picture is none the worse for that. The part suits Greta Garbo admirably, and Charles Boyer, within the limits of the characterisation forced on him by the scenarist, is an excellent Buonaparte. At the Tivoli is *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*, which the children should like, but it moves very slowly and is not particularly well acted. Two other films for children are *Heidi*, at the Regal, where Shirley Temple holds court, and Will Hay's latest film, *Oh, Mr. Porter*, which is at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The Tatler again has a Walt Disney programme, with four Mickey Mouse cartoons and two Silly Symphonies. Eddie Cantor returns to the screen after a long absence with *Ali Baba Goes to Town*. This is at the New Gallery, and has one or two good tunes and a lot of satire, aimed at President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Another musical film, *Paradise For Two*, with Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis, is at the Odeon. Finally, there are two European films of unusual interest at Studio Number One and the Curzon respectively. The first is *Un Carnet de Bal*, and the second a satire upon the old Greek legend of Amphitryon, with Henry Garat doubling the unfortunate Amphitryon and Zeus,

## Leading Articles

### PEACE AND GOODWILL

THE church bells of Europe will be thundering out the Christmas message, while every nation is preparing for war, Spain is torn with fratricidal strife, and Japanese bombs and shells make havoc of Chinese thrift and industry and shatter the innocent into nothingness. Since 1917 there has been no such war-ridden Christmas. In neither West nor East is there any place for peace, no, not so much as the manger in which Christ was born. The Roman World of that day was a peaceful, well-organised state, compared with the chaos which we call civilisation to-day. The Pax Romana ruled over the whole world so far as a man knew it and, though there were troubles in the East and scandals in high places, there was such a unity of order as the world was never to know again after the end of the Antonines. No doubt that unity carried with it its own disadvantages. Size is a heavy burden to carry, and the Roman Empire could never compare for all that really mattered in human life with the tiny city states of Greece. It is a great thing to make laws and establish order and justice, but it is a far greater thing to set free the wings of the spirit and create the unapparent land of the philosopher's ideas. There was, it is true, trouble in Palestine when Christ was born. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" was a command that accepted the Pax Romana, for it applied not merely to the *denarius* which called it forth. Submission unto Cæsar in external things meant an inner freedom, the liberty to enjoy the peace passing all understanding which is found only in the burning heart of the self. Yet somehow the Christians could not live their inward ecstasy without being caught up in the whirling confusion of material existence. There was the problem of sacrificing to divine Cæsar, a sacrifice which most Romans took as seriously as the Englishman to-day regards fairies. It was a symbol of acceptance of things as they are, but somehow the Christians could not accept things as they were, though all their Founder's preaching had been based on being rather than doing. There was a period in our history when the bowing down to idols seemed a denial of the truth, but to-day we have at least learnt that a man may bow to the symbol of another's truth without letting loose the wrath of a jealous God.

Christianity brought a sword. To-day many Christians deny their Lord by declaring that Christianity means peace. It has always meant war, the eternal struggle of things unseen with the world's outer husk, the duel between the inward truth and the outward semblance. Every

living thing is and always must be divided against itself, and social peace is only attained by the renunciation of the missionary spirit, the admission that other truths may be as valid as our own, that even the will to war must somehow co-exist with the will to peace. Humanity has played with notions of Utopia since it first had being. It is so easy to make a Christmas present to the world of all our virtues: if only everyone shared our likes and dislikes and perhaps even our attractive little failings, how easy life would be. Let us have a League of Nations; everybody really wants the same things as we do, and the sanction of a league will give concrete shape to half-expressed desires for good. Yet there is nothing—neither religion nor league nor country nor virtue—can save a man from treading his path along the appointed razor edge. Life means danger, a slip, destruction. "Safety first" is a cry raised on every hand, and more are killed on the roads in time of peace than perished in ancient days of war and pestilence.

Somehow the narrow path must be trodden upwards towards the peaks, and it lies between countless precipices. There is no golden rule for the choice which should balance the things of the senses and the things of the spirit; yet the choice is truly a matter of life or death. A man may gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The Japanese sweep through China, ablaze with the lust of war and destruction. Privations, wounds and death are no more to them than the agony they inflict on the conquered. Yet there is more contentment and happiness in the dream of a Chinese philosopher—and some of them are still dreaming among the ruins as they always have dreamed—than in the fury of victorious death. There is more happiness in Spain: for the Spaniards are killing one another for the sake of spiritual things.

It is a difficult world for a nation such as ours, which has collected so great a share of what we regard as the good things of life that it does not wish to add to its responsibilities. It may profess to sell a part of what it has and give it to the poor, but the operation is not so easy as it sounds. It is so easy to sacrifice one's neighbour and discover the noblest reasons for retaining one's own ewe lamb and just a trifle more. Then those who have not are so exacting. They shut their eyes to the true motives of the generous giver and attribute his charity to shame or fear. If the master of the house is not sure of his right to his possessions, then indeed he can have no right to them at all, and it is fit and proper that we should bespoil him at the first convenient opportunity. Hesitation is a blunder worse than a crime, since it opens the door to war and chaos.

So it goes on, and so it will go, until the individuals who make up nations have learnt that possessions are nothing and inward peace the universe. There is a faculty, says Plotinus, that all possess but few use. It is the power of the inner vision, the simultaneous realisation of the glory of life and the ghostly illusion of things seen in time. There may come a time when the vision will be as common among men as the phantom dreams



that play between sleep and waking, and then there will be no need for pacifism or politics. Till that day comes we are left to steer our perilous course between the Charybdis of a mystic quietism and the Scylla of material greed.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

IT is a curious and, some may think, a regrettable fact that the origin and a great part of the history of the Christmas tree are "wropt in mystery."

Soviet Russia has banned it as part and parcel of the opiate of Christianity so deleterious to a world being made safe for robots. Italy, in a fever of nationalist fervour, engendered by League threat of Sanctions, banished it because it was Nordic in origin, un-Christian and foreign to its soil.

Both these countries can hardly be right in the reasons they have advanced for interdicting the Christmas tree. But that only shows what confusion there is in this enlightened world over this particular heritage from the past.

It was Queen Charlotte, the German wife of George III, who first introduced the Christmas tree to England, but its popularity in this country really dates from the forties of last century, when it was re-introduced by the Prince Consort. That much at least is certain, and we may reasonably conclude that it was Germany that was responsible for infecting the rest of Europe with the Christmas tree custom. According to tradition in Germany, it was Martin Luther who gave the Christmas tree its honoured place among the season's celebrations. But if there is any foundation for that tradition it is more than strange that at least two centuries had to elapse before the Christmas tree custom became general in Germany.

Another theory traces the tree back to the Roman Saturnalia, pointing to the line in Virgil's *Georgics* which speaks of toys and mannikins hanging from the lofty pine—"Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mallia pinu." And, on this theory, the festival tree was imported into Germany by the conquering hosts of the Emperor Tiberius' brother, Drusus. This theory, however, does not explain why the custom of erecting a festival tree in December died out to be resurrected many centuries later.

We are in fact everywhere thrown back on conjecture. We know that the Early Church discouraged all practices that might in any way seem to be associated with pagan worship and expressly forbade the use of trees for house or gate-post decoration. When Christianity had long been firmly established, the old customs doubtless began to be revived without incurring the censure of the Church. And from the natural impulse towards dressing up for festival occasions came gradually the idea of the festival tree as the centre of the family's rejoicing.

We cannot to-day fill up with any certainty the gaps in the Christmas tree's lineage. But is that really a matter of much consequence? Whatever it may have been in its hoary past, it is to-day but the symbol of the Child's Festival which Christmas has rightly and pre-eminently become.

## THE MAKING OF RHODES

THE semi-detached, brick-and-stucco, slate-roofed Victorian villa in which Cecil Rhodes was born is shortly to be opened to the public. They will find it at the lower end of the little Hertfordshire town of Bishop's Stortford. What did it really mean to the immense and brooding spirit which looks out over a Continent from his grave in the Matoppos? Some, at least, of those who will be paying their visit of homage to the birthplace can hardly avoid trying to solve that very human problem. On the face of it no spot could well be imagined less appropriate to the founder of Rhodesia, unless it be to emphasise his memory of having had "too much cold mutton at home." The Livingstone tenement at Blantyre, the Raleigh farm at Hayes Barton, the Clive mansion on its Shropshire upland, the early home of Captain Cook among the Yorkshire moors—they can all boast at any rate a romantic and inspiring environment. Hardly so the Rhodes house at Bishop's Stortford. It is in almost everything an example of the pokiness and pseudo-elegance of its period, with its trashy little toy-fireplaces, its socketed shutters, and its ten pull-bells on springs along the dark and narrow hall. Its shrubbery-garden abuts—and abutted in Rhodes's own boyhood—upon the railway. This is still raw after nearly a century, and is now reinforced in ugliness by a formidable gasometer. The old town has its picturesque elements. Such are the twisty old High Street, climbing up to a pleasant boulevard known as Wind Hill; the church itself, where Cecil's clergyman father ministered for twenty-seven years; several ancient hostleries; the maltings, with their friendly cowls, clustering round the bridge; the little river; the tree-embowered recreation-ground, where W. G. Grace played. But these are far removed from the Rhodes house. It was not even the official vicarage, in which Cecil's mother refused to live because it was next to the churchyard. As irony would have it, she lies buried in an obscure corner of that very churchyard, with two of her nine children by her side—the only human being from whom, in early days, Cecil had no secrets.

Not only externally is Bishop's Stortford devoid of any claim to the making of what was great in Cecil Rhodes. The healthful production of beer was—and is—its main devotion. Otherwise nothing of resounding importance has happened there since William the Conqueror made a present of its long-ruined castle to the then Bishop of London. Certain signs of new life have arrived since the Great War. Motor-buses and cars whizz past a battlemented cinema, regardless of the one-time local prominence of that grand old Coaching Club figure, the late Sir Walter Gilbey, a father of the present baronet. Several of the old country estates are being broken up for suburban bungalows, sacred to the slumbers of tired London business-men. The only visible memorials to Rhodes in Bishop's Stortford are the birthplace and a drill-hall hidden away behind the Market Square. The little grammar-school he attended—now the parish-room—betrays no sense of its distinction. The reason for a quite conscious neglect is very

simple. Rhodes himself had never a good word to say for Bishop's Stortford. This was on account of its treatment of his father, who left it broken-hearted. The elder Rhodes was, like his fourth son, a strong-willed, hasty-tempered personality. Though blest with a kind heart and a sense of humour, shown in his never preaching for more than ten minutes, he refused to be dictated to. Soon after his arrival he set about restoring the church and building two more. In doing so he found himself up against one of the old malting-families. They responded by making things unpleasant for him to the end of his life. Cecil, deep in his heart, dearly loved his father. He never forgave Bishop's Stortford. It was not mentioned in either of his wills. No scholarships were allotted to it; no benefactions of any kind. Still living there is a luckless fellow-townsmen who went out to South Africa after Rhodes had won fame, in the hope of a job. Rhodes listened to his credentials, and asked where he came from. "Bishop's Stortford," answered the applicant. That was the end, for him!

How different with Oxford, which exercised so vital a fascination over Rhodes! It cannot have been for nothing that he left his fortune behind in Kimberley and dashed halfway across the world five times in seven years to keep terms. We can never exactly know how far the Ruskin lectures he delighted in inspired the educational ideal which found fruit in the Rhodes Scholarships. Certainly they helped in giving him, as well as many others at that time, a new outlook on social values. Then there was the change from the scramble of the Transvaal diamond-fields to the cloistered quiet of Oriel, where the new buildings he bequeathed are already mellowing. We know how the classics got hold of Rhodes—in spite of his impatience with the anise and cummin of scholarship. We know how he carried about with him that well-thumbed copy of Marcus Aurelius, how he devoured Gibbon, how he treasured the type-written translations that went up in flames at Groote Schuur, how he picked out from Aristotle's Ethics—which he had to read for his degree—the motto now encircling Rhodes House, about "energy of soul" concentrated upon a worthy object. Yet the remarkable thing is how little impress he left upon Oxford when he was there. One hears just dim stories of his having caught a chill on the river, of his having practised horn-blowing as Master of the Drag-Hunt, of his being member of a wine-club, and of his taking handfuls of diamonds out of his pocket to startle unappreciative dons. Something of the ultimate Rhodes is here. But even Oxford does not explain the all-compelling love of England and faith in the English character expressed in his first will—that Imperial "testament," written by an undergraduate of twenty-four!

A clue to this may be partly in the reaction to all these scenes of Rhodes's strong racial quality. He owed an enormous deal to the Nordic yeoman-stock from which he sprung. He used to be proud of calling his ancestors "cow-keepers." Such they undoubtedly were in the days when London's northern suburbs were good grazing land; but they

were more besides. They were pioneers of irrepressible vigour and insight. I have found the pilgrimage well worth while to the little churchyard of old St. Pancras—now an oasis among trams and goods-yard—where "C.J.R." raised a granite monument to thirty-three of his forebears. They were members of several Rhodes families who, for over two centuries, ran farms, first in Bloomsbury and afterwards in Hoxton, Islington, Hackney and Dalston. Those farms were to become a valuable suburban property, some part of which was bought up by Rhodes himself, and is now under the Rhodes Trust. They saw the coming of railways and gas and, not least, of the Regent's Canal. In the archives of Hackney I have found old records and maps which show what a remarkable man, in particular, was William Rhodes, Cecil's grandfather. The plans he drew up for turning the whole district round the Kingsland Road and Mare Street into a kind of "garden city" of the period—with "octagons" and squares and terraces rather after the manner of Bath—suggest where Rhodes drew something at any rate of his initiative, shrewdness, tenacity and instinct for land. Unfortunately for Grandfather Rhodes, a 99-years lease of what was called the "Balme" estate was set aside by Lord Lyndhurst "after protracted law-proceedings" on the ground of "inadequacy in the rent agreed for to the real value." But old William seems to have had plenty of good acres of his own besides—not to mention "brick-and-tile works."

The Rhodes town-planners of Greater London made no pretensions; but they helped to found the original Rhodes fortune, which gave Bishop's Stortford's vicar his independence and made Cecil possible. They also help to account for the touch of the farmer that there was amidst Cecil Rhodes's more exciting qualities. He always tended to look upon the world from its Creator's standpoint, as a great estate, to be dwelt upon by the right people in the right way—the land first, the people afterwards. It is due in a measure to this spirit that over 2,000 Rhodes Scholars from the Dominions, America and Germany have already gone out from the old city of dreaming spires. They must help in the end to make the habitable earth a "world's view" of thriving communities, where no "loafers" need apply.

### WESTERN CANADA CALLING

It is impossible to exaggerate the immensity of the disaster which has overtaken large parts of Southern Alberta, Southern Saskatchewan and parts of Manitoba. Not less than 60,000 families must look to the Dominion Government for relief.

If you are able to help in any way, please send your gift to The Secretary

### THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

9 Sergeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

## Books of The Day

### CHINA'S FUTURE

CHRISTMAS, 1936, witnessed the close of an affair which at one time threatened completely to wreck the Chinese nationalist movement. This was the mutiny in Sian when the Nationalist Leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, was seized and held prisoner by a rebel General and presented with a series of demands to which he resolutely refused to give his consent. Eventually the rebel General and his friends were gradually won over to admit the error of their ways, and General Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife, who had joined him in his captivity, were released and allowed to make their departure by aeroplane for Nanking. This Christmas, Nationalist China is faced with an even more critical situation, with Nanking and the greater part of Northern China in the hands of the Japanese. But out of evil sometimes comes good. The Sino-Japanese war seems to have stirred the Chinese, ill-prepared as they were for conflict with their better-armed and more warlike neighbours, to a patriotic effort few would have been inclined to suspect that they were at all capable of exhibiting. Written as was General and Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek's "China at the Crossroads" (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.) long before the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, it has yet its special interest at the present time for the light it throws on the difficulties that had to be faced and on the success that had been achieved in awakening the Chinese people to the needs of progress and some realisation of their nationhood.

The book deals mainly, of course, with the mutiny in Sian, but to explain the full significance of that affair Mme. Chiang, in her opening chapter, briefly surveys recent Chinese history and shows what had to be accomplished in breaking down time-honoured prejudices and in the building up of a united China. "The chief obstacles to progress," she says, "were, and in sections still are, 'fengshui' (the spirits of wind and water), 'face' and 'mei-yu-fa-tze' (impossible). If the word 'impossible' was not in Napoleon's dictionary, it was, figuratively, on every sheet of the old Chinese lexicon. Thus the revolution confronted the leaders with the problem of overcoming dense and apparently desired ignorance before they could succeed in introducing even the most ordinary modern aids to life." Centuries-old superstitions had to be combated, Chinese officialdom had to be taught to understand the very meaning of public service, and the Chinese people as a whole "had to be educated in everything that is accepted in occidental countries as the natural inalienable rights and duties of citizenship." And at the same time the poison of Russian Communist doctrines, already penetrating into China, had to be met and countered. The resistance put up by the Chinese to the invading Japanese armies, let loose upon them without any formal declaration of war, is in itself sufficient indication of the growth of a genuine nationalist sentiment in China of late years, and it must have come as a disagreeable

shock to the Japanese militarist mind, which had acquired the comfortable belief that China was rapidly disintegrating and was an easy prey for the aggressor. Japanese arms have triumphed, but the ultimate result may possibly be not quite what Tokyo either desired or anticipated. As to this, one can but wait and see.

### ANOTHER WESLEY STUDY

We have already had in the last few months two studies of John Wesley, one provocatively critical by Miss Marjorie Bowen and the other, by Mrs. G. Elsie Harrison, intent on revealing with sympathy the human side of the evangelist preacher. And now we have yet a third study of Wesley, this time from the angle of a Roman Catholic scholar and theological historian. The author is a Franciscan Friar, Father Maximin Piette, and his book, originally written some years ago in French, has in its new English form the title "John Wesley in the Evolution of Protestantism" (Sheed & Ward, illustrated, 18s.). It has achieved the somewhat remarkable feat of earning, in its two introductions, both a Methodist and Roman Catholic blessing—in the one case from the Rev. Dr. Workman, in the other from Bishop F. C. Kelley, of Oklahoma. The former declares that "there is no work on Wesley that I have read which seems to me to combine in so eminent a degree insight and scholarship together with a certain critical faculty—this last most advisable especially for those readers who are members of the Methodist Church. . . . Add to this a great sanity in his judgments."

Father Piette's book falls into two main sections. In the first he traces the beginnings of the Protestant movement, of which he regards Methodism as the culmination, in the preachings of Luther, Calvin and Zwingli. The second and larger part of the book treats of John Wesley and his associates. And, at the end, in a sort of appendix, there are 86 pages of notes in small print—in themselves an illustration of the amount of erudition the author has brought to the writing of his book. One may not always agree with the conclusions he draws from past religious history, but there can be no denying his learning or the painstaking zeal with which he has hunted up and gathered his material.

### THE MURDER OF LINCOLN

The murder of Abraham Lincoln in April, 1865, gave rise subsequently to many fierce controversies in which the name of his successor in the Presidency—Andrew Johnson—was, among others, seriously involved. But there were many peculiarities about that sensational crime which appear to have entirely escaped notice till a distinguished Chicago chemist, Mr. Otto Eisenschiml, set about by laborious investigation bringing them to light. His investigation has taken him some ten years to complete, and the result is given in a book entitled "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" (Faber & Faber, illustrated, 15s.). It is a fascinating example of exceedingly careful and detailed historical detective work. Even if on his last page the author has to confess that he can offer no definite solution of the problem he has tackled, his



masterly marshalling and summing up of all the facts not only show that there was a real mystery about the affair, but also suggest very plainly that politics and political ambitions had very possibly their part in the preparation of the crime. "Was," he pertinently asks, "Attorney-General Bates right when he wrote in his diary that 'this assassination is not the act of *one man*, but only one scene of a great drama'?" There was never any doubt, of course, of the guilt of John Wilkes Booth. His was the hand that fired the fatal bullet. "Yet, with one of the world's most momentous crimes proven against him, students have disagreed about his motives and legends had to be invented to satisfy the popular demand for more convincing ones. Some historians have attributed his act to the influence of strong drink, some to insanity. But through each report on the great tragedy one can trace the lingering perplexities of the writer. No one seems sure of his own conclusion." Some of the puzzling queries Mr. Eisenschiml poses for us are: Why did General Grant break his engagement to go to Ford's Theatre that night with the President? Why did Stanton deny Lincoln's request to be protected by Major Eckert and not provide a proper substitute? Why was all the evidence about the negligence of duty on the part of the armed guard, John F. Parker, so carefully suppressed? Why was the pursuit of Booth permitted to be conducted in such a manner that, but for the assassin's accidental injury, he might well have made good his escape? Mr. Eisenschiml, while careful to stress the fact that from a purely legal point of view there is no evidence to implicate either the Radical Party as a whole or Stanton himself in the crime, is content to note that Lincoln's murder did remove "an almost insurmountable obstacle to Radical plans."

#### AN ARTIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Most artists have their detractors as well as admirers, and perhaps the artistic temperament is peculiarly susceptible to adverse criticism. Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's very title for his autobiography ("Paint and Prejudice," Methuen, with 32 gravure reproductions of the author's pictures, 12s. 6d.) suggests that he has cause for grievance over the precise amount of appreciation his work has won. But in his opening chapter, with characteristic humour, he drily suggests that there may be a psychological explanation of any complex he may suffer from in that he was born "piteously and lustily" wailing. His life has, indeed, been one long struggle with ill-health, and the success he has unquestionably achieved as an artist is a tribute to the fine courage which has overcome the obstacles a frail physique has placed in the path of his ambitions. The extent of his artistic achievement may be judged by the reproductions of some of his more celebrated pictures in this volume. They make a very brave and impressive show, and not least of all the war pictures. The autobiography itself is an extremely interesting and illuminating document. There is a crisp briskness about its style that makes it peculiarly easy and attractive to read. Mr. Nevinson writes with frankness about his life and his theories of art,

and if he is sometimes provocative in the expression of his opinions, that is but the emanation of the rebellious strain in his composition.

#### A FRUIT-HAWKING EXPERIMENT

Adventure calls to most of us at some period of our lives, but comparatively few respond to the call and fewer still, the cynic would say, have reason to rejoice that they obeyed it. But Elizabeth and Ian Macpherson are people who would not have listened to any cynic, and the event seems to have fully justified them in scorning the motto, "Safety First." They threw up comfortable jobs, got married, spent a large portion of their small available capital in equipping themselves with car, caravan and fruit to sell and set about touring the Highlands as fruit-hawkers. They record the results of their daring experiment in a book appropriately entitled "Happy Hawkers" (Methuen, 6s., illustrated by Milfred R. Lamb). It is a jolly book, brimming over with good humour and high spirits and expressing only one regret—that at the end the obstinate male would start a shooting-gallery which "cost us a hundred pounds and endless worry and labour and hardship." But that, as this book rightly says, is another story and has no place in a chronicle of sheer happiness. "We were happy in the country which we served usefully. We were happy because the sun shone on us and rain soaked us, because winds blew us about and water cleaned us. We were happy because . . ." Well, merely because they were really "happy hawkers," and the reader, infected by their gaiety and delighting in Miss Lamb's also happy illustrations, must perforce be happy, too.

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## A COURTIER'S MEMOIRS

Lord Ormathwaite in his memoirs "When I Was at Court," Hutchinson, illustrated, 10s. 6d.) is very frank about himself. "I was born a snob"; "Love of Royalty and the best of everything" were the guiding principles of his life. He was, on his own showing, a poor soldier, an indifferent politician and not much good as a sportsman with the gun. But as a courtier he was obviously in his element, as was proved by the rapidity of his progress up the Court ladder from Usher to Groom and thence to Master of the Ceremonies with duties approximating to those of Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. It was the destiny that he had marked out for himself from an early age, and his memoirs show how much he enjoyed the experience of close and intimate contact with Royalty and its *entourage*. He tells his story with a humour and sprightliness that is yet discreet and is entirely free from any malice, and the result is that one gets from that story a clear and colourful picture of the social scene in the Edwardian epoch in which Sir Arthur Walsh, as he then was, played a by no means insignificant part. He had a genius, the reader indirectly gathers, for making and retaining friendships on a considerable scale, and as illustration of the Royal confidence in his discretion is the tale of his secret mission to Vienna, with a bust of King Edward VII in Austrian dress to be presented to the Emperor Franz Josef in person. Awkward incidents happen even to the best of courtiers, and one can well understand Sir Arthur's dismay and irritation, when an inexperienced young footman left King Haakon, who was making an informal call, for some minutes out in the porch and then announced him as "Mr. Acorn."

## WRITING ABOUT FLOWERS

To write about flowers one loves, with just appreciation of their individual charms and merits and without exaggeration or repetition of language is, as Miss V. Sackville-West confesses in the foreword to her book "Some Flowers" (Cobden-Sanderson, illustrated with photographs, 6s.), no easy business. Yet in describing the twenty-five flowering plants she has selected for special notice in her book and in giving hints as to their culture, Miss Sackville-West has successfully demonstrated her skill in this difficult art. She writes in the main with a restraint that still permits the employment of many lively and telling images and similes, and if her enthusiasm now and then breaks the bonds she has imposed on it, "the fanciful way" it chooses is for the reader's genuine delight. The flowers she writes of are those "which depend chiefly on their loveliness of shape, colouring, marking or texture. On the whole, they are flowers which require to be looked at very intimately if their queerness or beauty is to be closely appreciated." And Miss Sackville-West is no mere sentimentalist over flowers. She is a practical gardener and "to be a successful gardener" she realises "one must also be a realist." Hence the agreeable combination in this book of pleasure-imparting description and sound and helpful cultural hints. The photographic

illustrations, which are of superb quality, enhance the attractions of this gardening book.

## CAREER OF VARIED ADVENTURE

Not many men, one imagines, have packed so much varied adventures into their careers as Colonel R. V. K. Applin, who has been in turn actor, Civil Servant, soldier and politician. His stage experience (with a touring company) was brief because it was in his twenty-first year that he received and accepted a nomination into the North Borneo Chartered Company's service. At that time (1891) the Company had not had much opportunity of settling more than the mere coastal fringe of the territory over which it ruled, and in the hinterland head-hunting proceeded merrily and native risings and punitive expeditions were frequently the order of the day. For the youthful administrator, who had zest for adventure, here were all the opportunities he could wish, and young Applin was only too ready to seize with both hands any that came to him. Among his earliest excitements was to participate in the operations against the rebel Mat Saleh, the most formidable of all the Chartered Company's enemies. After eight years' service with the Company, Colonel Applin was compelled through ill-health to resign his appointment. But the Boer War found him new employment as a soldier—first with the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers and then with the 14th King's Hussars. In the Great War, he was with the Machine Gun Corps and later, when America linked up with the Allies, he was despatched to the United States to lecture on machine-gun tactics and discipline. When just over fifty he had the satisfaction of being placed in command of his old regiment, the 14th Hussars. On retirement from that command he took up politics and was returned for Enfield. A full and eventful life such as the one thus briefly summarised might be expected to provide plenty of material for interesting reminiscence and commentary, and readers of Colonel Applin's "Across The Seven Seas" (with a foreword by Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, Chapman & Hall, illustrated, 15s.), will have no reason to feel disappointed either over the contents of this autobiography or over the sincere and vigorous manner in which the Colonel records his experiences.

## NEW NOVELS

A little world, in which white planters and their families, mulattoes and negroes are in daily contact with each other yet inexorably separated from each other by barriers of racial sentiment and prejudice, is the background for Mr. Lyle Saxon's simply but finely told tale "Children of Strangers" (John Lane the Bodley Head). It is the story in the main of a mulatto girl who falls in love with a white man—a fugitive from justice, found and shot by the sheriff—who is saved from the shame of bearing an illegitimate child by a cousin insisting upon marrying her, and who, when left a widow, lives on only for her "white" son, selling all she owns, to the disgust of her own people, to provide him with funds and finally, "cut" by her mulatto relations, sinking to the "infamy" of marrying a negro. It is a very moving story.



remarkable not only for the beauty of its telling, but also for the skill with which the heroine's character is presented to us against a vividly filled in background of white, mulatto and negro life.

Another excellent novel, with a Louisiana background but harking back to the eighteenth century period of the American War of Independence, is "Deep Summer," by Gwen Bristow (Heinemann). It is a story of great variety both of scene and incident. If this is Miss Bristow's first novel she has cause to be proud of it. It reveals an author of considerable talent.

By means of a sort of variant of the Time Machine theme Mr. Gideon Clark has provided his readers with a good story and an intriguing psychological study of a young introspective scientist ("Substitute for Living," Nicholson & Watson). The young man and his invention attract the attention of two women—one a self-willed doctor who finances his work and generally runs him; the other, quiet and reserved, who loves him in secret and who, to the satisfaction of the reader, gets him in the end. It is the hero's escapist imagination that is his "substitute for living."

A Viennese tale of exceptional interest and charm is Countess Zur Mühlen's "A Year Under a Cloud" (translated by Ethel K. Houghton and H. E. Cornides, Selwyn & Blount). It gives us incidentally a very clear picture of the tension in Austria in 1932. It is the story of a woman who agreed to divorce her husband after a year if he still wished to marry the girl who had won his affections. As the girl is a worthless creature, the wife has good grounds for hoping that her husband will come back to her; but meanwhile she has a severe battle to face.

"The Faber Book of Modern Stories" (edited with an introduction by Elizabeth Bowen, 8s. 6d.) is an admirable selection of short stories, twenty-six in all, by famous authors, including Coppard, D. H. Lawrence, Manhood, Somerset Maugham, Liam O'Flaherty, James Joyce and Aldous Huxley.

Another collection sure of a warm welcome is Mr. James Hanley's "Half An Eye: Sea Stories" (John Lane, 8s. 6d.). Six of the tales are reprinted from his "Men in Darkness" and "Aria and Finale"; the rest appear in book form for the first time.

#### WHITAKER FOR 1938

The 70th Annual volume of "Whitaker" is of special interest as it records the Abdication of King Edward VIII and the Accession and Coronation of King George VI. The Constitutional questions involved in these events are related in the Parliamentary Summary, the Ceremonial incidents being included under Events of the Year. Numerous additions have been made to the section allotted to Government Offices, and the statistical information has been reinforced by the inclusion of commercial and economic tables bearing upon the problems of the day. Affairs at home and in the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, the Civil War in Spain, and the struggle in the Far East, are summarised in the Chronicle

of Events, and the Complete and Library Editions also include historical, geographical and statistical articles dealing with India, Burma, the Dominions, Colonies and Protectorates, the United States and Foreign Countries, together with special articles on matters of current interest, among them being Television, Gliding, Stratosphere and Rocket Flight, Fixed and Flexible Trusts, the Philatelic Boom, and Elements and Rays, while annual summaries deal with Weather, Science and Invention, Art, Literature, Drama, Films and Broadcasting. The large type Index, introduced last year, has been further extended and now occupies 85 pages, containing upwards of 30,000 references.

#### OTHER NEW BOOKS

"The Tranquil Heart: Portrait of Giovanni Boccaccio," by Catherine Carswell (Lawrence & Wishart, with frontispiece, 12s. 6d.).

"Humour and Humanity: An Introduction to the Study of Humour," by Stephen Leacock (Thornton Butterworth, 2s. 6d.).

"Alan Parsons' Book: A Story in Anthology," edited by his wife (with introductory note by Michael Burn, Heinemann, 10s. 6d.).

"Under the Pole Star: The Oxford University Arctic Expedition, 1935-36," by A. R. Glen, assisted by N. A. C. Croft (Methuen, illustrated, 25s.).

"The Economics of Inflation," by Costantino Bresciani-Turroni (translated by Millicent E. Sayers, Allen & Unwin, 25s.).

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## Round the Empire

### CANADA'S FISHERIES

CANADA has acquired the pleasant trick of making her official documents readable by the layman. Take, for example, the 7th Annual Report of the Department of Fisheries, which has just been published. It ranges from the system whereby information is given on the condition of ice and the location of bait is broadcast to the fishing fleet to an arrangement with the United States for the control of the halibut fisheries. The latter is operated through the International Fisheries Commission, which is empowered to prohibit the departure of vessels for any area where the number of vessels already operating is sufficient to catch the limit of halibut set by the Agreement. The report, among other things, tells us that a special instrument has been invented to enable the chemists to measure the vitamin content of the fish oils. Samples of oil from red cod have been found to rival the higher grade of halibut liver oil in vitamin A content. It has been shown that halibut liver oil may vary 400 per cent. in its vitamin A potency. More remarkable still is the fact that liver oil from dog fish indicates that in its finer forms it is an even more potent medicine than the cod liver oil.

The year produced nearly 2,000,000 cases of canned salmon, the largest pack since 1930. It would have been larger still, but the producers did not want to overload a market, which might prove

unsatisfactory. The fish went to thirty-six countries, including Bolivia, Peru, Malta, Mesopotamia and the South Sea Islands. There is something iconoclastic to romance in the reflection that the Samoans now take their fish in tins. England was the largest importer of the salmon, followed by Australia—unless one counts Eastern Canada, as the report does, as an importing country. It appears that the East imported over 300,000 cases from the West. It says much for the care taken in preserving the standards of purity that out of nearly 2,000,000 cases inspected only 26,000 were certified as being below the very highest standard.

The revenue derived from the Canadian fishing industry is very considerable, and every care is taken to foster it. During the year, for example, the Hon. J. E. Michaud, the Canadian Minister of Fisheries, spent some time visiting the fishing centres on the British Columbian coast. It was the first time that a Federal Minister of Fisheries had made such an extensive tour, and it was appreciated by the representatives of the industry, who were allowed to make their own representations to him on a number of points. Although much of the work of the Department is chiefly concerned with the commercial side of fishing, much is done in the propagation of fish for sporting purposes. The Provincial Game Commission, for example, has been largely responsible for the hatching of fish eggs at their Headquarters in Vancouver and on Vancouver Island. On the Atlantic Coast, where considerable business in oyster fishing is carried on, rigid inspection conditions also prevail. This and the loyal co-operation of the fishermen themselves have raised the standard not only of oyster production, but also of barrel making, to a very high point.

Among other points dealt with in the Report is the evolution of opaque non-cracking ice glaze for fish. This ingenious method of preservation was adopted commercially two years ago, but has since been very considerably improved. The system has been particularly successful in the case of halibut.

### SYLLABARIUM

Syllabarium is an unfamiliar word on this side of the Atlantic. It denotes the alphabet in use by Canadian Eskimos. Included in the varied cargo taken north recently by the *Nascopie*, Canada's Arctic patrol ship, were four thousand sets of this alphabet, first brought to the Eskimos some twenty years ago by the Rev. Dr. E. J. Peck, an Anglican missionary, and developed by Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries since, notably Bishop Arsene Turquetil, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hudson Bay. Originally designed for the Cree Indians, the syllabarium makes use of some sixty phonetic characters, and it has been found simpler to form Eskimo words by the use of these characters than by the English alphabet, which often makes their words cumbersome long. The natives of Canada's Eastern Arctic are rapidly learning to read and write the syllabarium. It is also used by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stationed in the North, and at almost every post in the Eastern Arctic

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MACMILLAN

notices in syllable characters about conserving game and other matters occupy prominent positions.

### A MATTER OF NAMES

Once upon a time there lived a man whose nickname was "Yellowhead." Who he was is a matter of legend and speculation, but he gave his soubriquet to a pass, a lake, a mountain and a town. The pass runs through the Canadian Rockies and is one of the easiest and lowest crossings that has yet been found. It was also once known as Leather Pass on account of being used by the fur companies in pre-railway days to ship moose hides to far western ports. At some time in the distant past there lived a trapper who built his fur cache at the confluence of the Frazer and Robson Rivers. The Legend goes that having a shock of fair hair, French travellers dubbed him "*tête jaune*" or, in good Anglo-Saxon, "Yellowhead." There are a number of stories as to who this trapper was. One account identified him with Jasper Hawse, a Scottish trapper, who was in charge of a Hudson's Bay Company post in the Athabaska Valley. Another story has it that Yellowhead was an Iroquois half-breed whose fair hair made him conspicuous among his dark-haired fellow tribesmen, while another version asserts that the man was François Descoignes, an officer of the North West Company.

If Jasper Hawse was the owner of the nickname he has the honour of having his Christian name also immortalised in Jasper National Park. That, indeed, would be a higher honour still than anything that Yellowhead could convey, for the Park is one of the most magnificent pieces of country in the whole world—an earthly arcadia for the holidaymaker. Verdant valleys rest between soaring peaks; there are vast and silent icefields; there are streams with thunderous falls and brooks that chuckle down the mountain sides. With such a memorial, Jasper Hawse would hardly trouble over the Yellowhead patrimony.

### SIFTING WHEAT

There is an excellent system in operation in the Prairie Provinces of Canada for eliminating over a term of years all types of wheat which are unsuitable to specific areas. Inaugurated in 1930, the plan provides for a sample of wheat to be taken from the consignments sent by farmers to the various grain elevators. These samples are tested carefully and graded "A," "B" and "C." Those farmers whose seed has produced the lowest grade are duly advised and encouraged to endeavour to secure higher grades the following year. An indication of the practical success of the plan is shown by the fact that as a result of analyses of tests made in 1936 43 per cent. of the "C" grade farmers secured better seed for 1937 and 33 per cent. of grade "B" decided to get better seed this year.

The crop testing plant also discloses the varieties of wheat which have been sown. This year over 17,000 samples were taken and showed that in Alberta Marquis, Garnet and Red Bobs each occupied approximately one-third of the

varieties grown, whereas in Saskatchewan 53 per cent. were Marquis, 21 per cent. Garnet, 12 per cent. Reward and 2 per cent. Ceres. In Manitoba 41 per cent. of the common wheats were Marquis, 30 per cent. Reward, 10 per cent. Ceres and 4 per cent. Garnet. The inspection at the various plots where the sample seeds have been sown by experts are made the occasion for farmers' field days, where an opportunity is given to the agriculturist to learn at first hand just how the variety of wheat he has been growing compares with the standard plots sown with registered seed of the variety best suited to the particular district.

### SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE EDUCATION

Considerable development in respect of native education is expected in South Africa next year as the result of decisions understood to have been recently taken. It is anticipated that in all probability the Union Government will establish a South African Native Education Advisory Board. The Board's principal functions will be to advise the Government with particular reference to expenditure from the Native Development Fund account. In the Transvaal there is a Provincial Advisory Committee on Native Education. For the time being this body will in all probability be retained.

In its annual report on native education the Transvaal Education Department refers again to the number of small schools that are frequently found in native locations. These schools are often in close proximity to one another and are conducted by different religious denominations. It is stated that almost without exception native schools are still founded by churches and missionary societies. "It is clear," states the former Director of Education, Mr. G. A. C. Kuschke, "that this state of affairs must detract from efficiency."

"In the Transvaal efforts continue to be made to give education through the mother tongue its rightful place in native schools. Two great factors retard progress in this matter. In the first place there are at least six recognised native languages in the Transvaal, and this complicates the issue of school books. In the second place schools are started on the basis of the religious denomination of the pupils and not the home language. Inspectors of schools and teachers in training colleges are advised to master at least one native language."

### A "TOUCHY" POINT

A writer in the *Cape Times* recently described Dr. Malan as "beady-eyed." This description apparently caused a great amount of offence both to Dr. Malan and his friends, and the *Cape Times* is at a loss to account for the annoyance aroused. Discussing the matter, it says: "Politicians in South Africa, perhaps more than elsewhere, do not hesitate, while electioneering, to ascribe to opponents all degrees of moral turpitude. They besmirch the political pedigree of their opponents with a frankness that would make a navvy blush, endowing them with motives that even a gangster would hasten to disown. Dr. Malan himself has no more scruples in this sort of thing than lesser men. Yet the use of a perfectly accurate, a-moral, non-slandorous, description of his optic appear-



ance sticks as though it was a deadly insult. The quality of having beady-eyes may be unfortunate, but to be touchy about it suggests a lack of humour deplorable in a public figure. A bald head is an undesirable attribute, if mainly because it connotes sensitiveness to draughts; but it has a distinctive quality all the same; and may even become an asset. Mr. W. C. Foster, the Mayor of Cape Town, for one, has a very shiny pate, gleamingly conspicuous at any public function; but it is quite on the cards that his hair famine has a substantial share in the rapid progress of his popularity with the citizens. The vast bulk, too, of Mr. A. T. Badenhorst, M.P. for Riversdale, has brought him endless popularity."

### AIR PROGRESS

Yet another page is being turned this month in the history of the air-mail. Ascending from the air-base at Southampton the other morning, the Imperial Airways long-range flying-boat, the *Caledonia*, left for South Africa carrying approximately five tons of mails. There were several points of exceptional interest about this particular flight. The load carried was, for one thing, an early consignment of Christmas mails; and, for another, the occasion marked the first air transport of Christmas letters on Empire routes under the new "all-first-class-mails-by-air" scheme, abolishing surcharges and labels, and enabling a half-ounce letter to travel 8,000 miles by air, between England and South Africa, at a fee of only 1½d. Yet another fact lending interest to this flight was that the *Caledonia's* five tons of mails represented a record for a mail-load carried by any one aircraft.

The *Cambria*, as well as the *Caledonia*, is being engaged in the carriage of Christmas mails between England and South Africa. Altogether, the loads carried by Imperial Airways during December are expected to establish a record for the volume of mails transported by any one air organisation during the course of a single month.

While history is being made in the "all-up" non-surge transport of Yuletide greetings, the Imperial Airways flying-boat, the *Centaurus*, is on her way across the Empire in a history-making flight of a different kind. The *Centaurus* is engaged on a 30,000 miles commercial air survey flight from England to Australia, New Zealand, and back—this flight being part of the preparations now in hand for a regular flying-boat service right through over the England-Australia route. The *Centaurus* is due to spend Christmas at Sydney, Australia. Then a few days later she will set off on a flight of 1,300 miles across the Tasman Sea to Auckland, New Zealand. This will be the first air voyage between Australia and New Zealand by a big commercial flying-boat. It will represent another stage towards the realisation of the scheme for a regular air route connecting New Zealand with Australia. In addition to her visit to Auckland, the *Centaurus* is scheduled to visit Wellington and Dunedin. It is a matter of interest, in this connection, to note that the Commander of the *Centaurus*, Captain J. W. Burgess, is a native of Dunedin. Active work continues with the provision of air-ports and technical equipment which will enable the Empire flying-boats to operate to

Australia, and it is hoped that the England-Australia marine air route will be in regular operation by early next summer.

Reports indicate that, as a part of the scheme for providing night-flying equipment in Australia, an up-to-date installation has just been completed on the Essendon air-port, Melbourne, one of its features being the provision of a rotating beacon of 1,500,000 candle-power. A powerful revolving beacon has also been installed on a mountain-range in the vicinity of the Parafield aerodrome, Adelaide. Information from Australia also mentions further plans for air surveys over little-known tracts of country in north and north-western territories. Recent air work in this direction has led to the locating of fresh chains of salt-lakes, and to the discovery that some of the features in existing maps are incorrect.

From India comes news of increases in air-mail loads, and in the chartering of special aircraft. On the Karachi-Lahore air route, connecting at Karachi with the main Empire services, there has been a considerable growth in the volume of mailloads carried. On this Karachi-Lahore service, which extends over a distance of a little more than 700 miles, intermediate halts are made at Multan and Jacobabad. Questions now under consideration, in regard to this route, are an increase in the frequency of services; also the provision of night-flying equipment. Recent reports dealing with the growth in special-charter flying in India indicate that more aircraft have been chartered not only by business men when on urgent journeys, but also for the making of pleasure flights.

### BAMBATA CAVE

Situated high up in the Matopos mountains, not far from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, a cave of extraordinary interest has just been opened to the public under the aegis of the Historical Monuments Commission. It was first examined in 1910 by two experts of the Rhodesian National Museum, whose appetite for investigation was at once whetted by pictures on the walls. These are of men and animals and, during past ages, have been superimposed one above the other at no less than five different periods. Further examination of this cave has followed at intervals, and in 1929 Professor A. Leslie Armstrong led an expedition which dug carefully into the floor.

The first twelve inches, of grey ash, contained fragments of pottery believed to belong to the earliest Zimbabwe period, and tiny stone tools, and beads made of ostrich-egg shell, which are associated with the Welton people, or early Rhodesian Bushmen. The next ten feet yielded well-made spear-heads, scrapers, and graving tools of stone. Those near the top were beautifully finished, but deeper down they became steadily more primitive. From the name of the cave, this assemblage of prehistoric tools is known as the Bambata Industry, which was practised by a race known as Mousterian. At 16 feet from the surface the diggers came across large hand axes and choppers associated with the early Stone Age. It is difficult to determine exactly the period of the existence of the users of these latter tools, but, for various reasons, it could hardly have been less than 200,000 years ago.

### CEYLON DEVELOPMENT

It has been a matter of comment that Ceylon has so far made but little use of the facilities provided by the Colonial Development Fund. So far, indeed, the island has made only two requests for assistance, the first being for a free grant of interest for ten years on a loan it is proposed to raise for the completion of a hydro-electric scheme and the second for a free grant for the establishment of a fisheries research station and a hatchery. It is likely, therefore, that as a result of a communication from the Colonial Office, Ceylon may ask assistance for the construction of an aerodrome and landing ground, the modernisation of the existing telephone system, the improvement of docks, the establishment of a canning factory and a chemical factory and the carrying out of a mineral survey of the island.

### INDIAN POLITICAL SCENE

Lord Linlithgow has once more surveyed the Indian political scene and found everything very promising. Ministers in every province had shown their capacity for the heavy responsibilities that were now their portion, the Services and the Governors had revealed their readiness to do all in their power to promote the development of democratic institutions and, in short, the stage could now be set for the grand finale—Federation, "the great ideal which had inspired the framers of the Government of India Act."

To judge by Lord Linlithgow's speeches, there is no reason to doubt the ultimate success of Westminster's complicated constitutional plan for the welfare of India and its peoples. The *Calcutta Statesman*, while loyally singing the praises of Westminster wisdom on every possible occasion, has found it necessary every now and then to voice the feelings of apprehension which certain features in the Indian political situation have undoubtedly aroused even amongst the most optimistic of European residents in the country. Thus the other day the *Statesman* called attention to the tremendous growth of communalism since the inauguration of provincial autonomy. The *Statesman* article on this subject was naturally quoted in the *Home Press*, in our columns as elsewhere, and now the *Statesman*, perturbed lest what it has said may encourage those who have never had its faith in the Government of India Act, has been quick to point out that this growth of communalism does not in any way mean that the Act has been a failure or that there is need of Parliament intervention. At the same time, while assuring itself that a better phase is bound to come sooner or later, it has to admit that "the present terrible outburst of the communal spirit is as dangerous as it is depressing."

Another unpleasant feature that the *Statesman*, in its latest issues, feels impelled to comment upon is the increasing intensity of peasant (*kisan*) agitation, especially in the three Congress-run zemindari provinces—the Central Provinces, the United Provinces and Bihar. "It is not surprising," it says, "that a hundred Bihar zemindars have asked the Congress Government to take over their zemindaries and give them in exchange bonds yielding a similar income. Without good reason

zemindars would not take such a step, which implies willingness to end long association with the land and to part with the prestige that the position of landholder confers. The rural agitation in the zemindari provinces has made this proposal occur to numerous other zemindars. For there are not lacking agitators who want the abolition of the zemindari system without compensation. It seems clear that none of the zemindari provinces is in a position to assume the financial burden that buying out the zemindars' rights involves, unless possibly the zemindars are prepared to accept a nominal yield on their bonds: for, in view of the peasant organisations' demands about rent and conditions of tenure, a State investment in land on this scale is likely to prove for a long time a proposition that does not pay. The zemindars are not alone in finding in the rural agitation an embarrassment: the mahajans are in the same boat, and so too are the Congress Ministries. For the *kisan* organisations are most active in the Congress-run provinces, where the party now in power is being reminded of promises made to the peasantry when its aid was sought in the civil disobedience movement and at the elections.

"It was said by many Congressmen after disobedience was over that the party had been revealed as having too few roots in the countryside, and the Mass Contacts programme was produced as a remedy. In the meanwhile specialised peasants' organisations had grown up beside the Congress. The first All-India Peasants and Workers Conference was held at Madras in October, 1935, the first All-India *Kisan* Congress at Lucknow in April, 1936: provincial bodies had been active before 1935, but never so active as to-day, when popular Ministries are in power. The cry that seems common to all provinces is abolition of the zemindari or mulguzari system and a reduction in rents or revenue of at least 50 per cent. There are many other demands. . . . Unfortunately the evidence is that the *kisans* are being taught to expect a slice of the moon, and that legitimate activities in regard to land tenure, rents and so on are accompanied by wild talk that is laying up trouble for the future.

"A regrettable feature of the situation is that local political parties have not more control over the peasants' organisations. . . . *Kisan jathas* last week marched to Patna shouting "*inquilab sindabad*" and made Ministers listen. The Central Provinces are promised another such march shortly and a Congress leader has already protested against it. These marches (says an authoritative *kisan* publication) 'trumpet the *kisans*' ultimate objective: the capture of complete State power by peasants and workers, the inevitability of abolishing the zemindari and mahajan systems and establishing a socialised industrial system.'"

The *Statesman* sums up by saying "the time has come for the leaders to tell the *kisans* that the provinces are poor, that short cuts to the millenium are dangerous, and that if the zemindars are to be made to contribute more to their tenants' welfare and the provincial funds, they must have the means of making that contribution. If leaders do not have some sense of realities the outlook under provincial autonomy is black."

## Letters to the Editor

### THIS GOODWILL BUSINESS

Sir,—As your next issue is to be dated Christmas Day, may I voice a grievance which, I feel sure, is shared by many husbands and fathers at this festive season?

Goodwill to all and sundry is quite rightly the order of the day. And we can display that goodwill in many excellent, practical ways, and especially by helping with kindness and sincere charity those in need of assistance by their more fortunate fellow beings.

But is not this goodwill duty being made by our wives, our daughters, our sisters, our female cousins and our aunts and even our grandmothers into too much of a devastatingly household-upsetting business?

For days before Christmas every room seems to be given up to warehousing mysterious packages, female members are busy making lists of all the individuals they have ever met who are likely or they think they are likely (not always the same thing) to remember them in some way or the other at this season, and the mere male is "shoo-ed" into silence if he asks awkward questions, is summarily and severely dealt with if he disarranges the mountains of packages to look for a straying pipe or other prized possession and is expected to be

ready at any moment to act as transport mule for the conveyance of multitudes of parcels to their Post Office destination and, incidentally, blithely to pay for their postage.

No doubt this all helps Christmas trade and the Post Office receipts, but where does the "peace," also associated with this season, come in for the male members of the household?

For obvious reasons I cannot sign my name, but I enclose my card and subscribe myself

DISTRACTED MALE.

### CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Sir,—Fog and other unpleasant weather conditions must have severely interfered with the business the shops expected to do in the last fortnight before Christmas; and one can only wonder how much loss of business and disappointment to shoppers was caused by the fact that London's West-end shops had perforce to close down early last Saturday—owing, it appears, to the bad drafting of an Act of Parliament.

True the suburban shops gained to some extent by our legislators' blunder, but that could hardly have made up for the disappointments of hosts of shoppers who had their journeys to the West-end to make and pay for without the satisfaction of buying anything.

It is to be hoped that some politician will see to it that the Act is speedily amended so that this sort of thing may not occur again.

EMILY HANSON.

Streatham Hill.

### LABOUR'S FOREIGN POLICY

Sir,—Mr. Attlee's personal statement in the Commons and his speech initiating a foreign policy debate must leave the ordinary man in the street somewhat bewildered regarding the mentality that can interpret "non-intervention" to mean zealous support for one side in Spain and that can see the only chance of securing world peace in Britain setting out, with or without any material support from other Powers, to "protect the interests of the whole world."

Labour professes to be very anxious for peace, but the rôle its leader suggests for this country must inevitably provoke war. We cannot hope for any help from the League, and if we assume the position of "policemen of the world," we must be prepared to face all the risks that assumption involves.

The Government's foreign policy may be open to criticism because it has not succeeded in winning back the friendship of certain Powers. But at least it has not been as provocative as Labour's programme of universal crusading—even where British interests clearly indicate that non-interference is the wisest course.

J. S. HAMILTON.

Portsmouth.

## THE NATIONAL Review

Incorporating the English Review

VOL. 110. No. 659.

January, 1938

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By ANGLO-AMERICAN

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## Your Investments

### INTEREST RATES AND RISING COSTS

IN the past week or two we have had further evidence of the rising costs with which industry is faced being passed on to the consumer. The cement companies have agreed to raise prices of their product by 3s. per ton in order to cope with increased cost of labour and material, and the Gas Light and Coke Company are to raise the price of gas to 9d. per therm in order to pass on a part of the cost of higher wages and increased coal prices. These are merely two examples of a normal tendency which is bound to accompany greater industrial activity and prosperity, but it is a very unwelcome one to the salaried man and to those who rely upon fixed interest-bearing investments for their income. So in normal times is the vicious spiral of a boom built up, and when the rise in costs overtakes the advance in profits, then depression sets in.

But there are two curious factors about the present situation. Commodity prices are not keeping pace with other rising costs and interest rates remain remarkably low. For the first, we have to thank—or blame—the setback in American consumption, and, for the second, the Government's managed "cheap money" policy. But each time that such a movement as the present one becomes manifest the "peg" on interest rates is replaced higher up the scale, and holders of British Government will do well to consider whether they should not retain only definitely-dated redeemable stocks which will assure maintenance of capital value. The new 3½ per cent. Australian loan, 1951-54, obtainable at just under the issue price, appears a suitable medium, giving a yield to redemption of over 3¾ per cent.

#### CHANCES OF U.S. REVIVAL

American trade, which by reason of its enormous consuming power must remain the key to the world's prosperity, is showing no decided recovery from its recent setback. But the Washington Administration seems to realise that interference in so far as it impairs confidence has gone far enough for the moment, and if U.S. business men are allowed to have their own way revival will not be long delayed. The recent *Panay* incident in the East may prove an important factor in convincing America that re-armament is as necessary for her as for European nations; the effect on commodity prices of a large-scale U.S. arms programme could hardly be over-estimated. Luxury industries in America are severely hit by the new depression, but such stocks as U.S. Steel at 61 and International Nickel at 45 seem not only capable of quick recovery; they are likely to achieve it.

#### HOME RAILS

With the approach of the end of the year, considerably more interest is taken in Home Railway stocks. Once again it seems right to express the opinion that this market is one for income rather than capital security, for the wages question will

always be a spectre at the feast of any increased prosperity for the companies. L.M.S. are generally expected to pay at least 2 per cent. on their ordinary shares, which at 30 look remarkably cheap, while the 4 per cent. 1923 preference at 71 yields over £5 14s. per cent., with quite good security with trade in its present state. Great Western ordinary at 64 will return 6½ per cent. if the expected 4 per cent. dividend materialises, and Southern preferred at 87½ give the highly satisfactory yield of £5 16s. 6d. per cent. From the income standpoint all these stocks are attractive, with L.M.S. offering the greatest scope for capital appreciation.

#### CEMENT SHARES

Attention has been drawn more than once in these columns to the merits of the leading Cement companies' shares as industrial investments. Increased prices now to be put in force should assist in maintaining profits, since the companies' best customers in the near future are likely to be local authorities, whose plans will not be curbed in the same way as would those of private builders by increased costs. Associated Cement Manufacturers at 90s. 7½d. and British Portland Cement, also at this price, paid dividends last year of 22½ per cent., on which basis the yield is nearly 5 per cent. A reduction in dividend is extremely unlikely unless industry receives a severe setback in the next few months, for the companies' financial position is of the soundest. Alpha Cement are more speculative, as the yield of nearly 6½ per cent. at 37s. 6d. shows, while Tunnel Cement at 47s. 6d. return 5½ per cent. and appear dear in comparison with the "Blue Circle" companies.

#### B.A.T. BONUS

The increase of £218,700 in British American Tobacco profits and the tax-free bonus of 1½ per cent. in addition to the usual 20 per cent. tax-free dividend took the market pleasantly by surprise. Rather too much has been made of the company's interests, for great prosperity has attended those in the Dominions. Declaration of the bonus revives interest in the possibility of a bonus this year by Imperial Tobacco, with which British-American Tobacco is associated. "Imps'" dividend is 25 per cent., tax free, and the shares are rightly regarded as one of the world's leading industrial securities. At 7½ they yield 4¾ per cent., less tax, and they are likely to prove a sound and profitable investment at the price.

#### THE KAFFIR DIVIDENDS

Absence of any substantial change in the dividends declared last week by the leading South African Mining Companies should convince shareholders that they have no longer a purely speculative holding but something approaching a public utility share. One of the bright features was the higher dividend of 40 per cent. paid by Anglo-American Corporation. Success of the company's diamond interests centred in Anglo-American Investment Trust was a factor. This year conditions look less favourable, but Anglo-American Corporation look a good lock-up mining-finance holding and they yield 6½ per cent. at the present price of 60s.

## JOIN The Navy League NOW

The Navy League is the only Organisation whose object is to urge the vital importance of Sea Power to the British Empire. All patriotic citizens should therefore give it their moral and financial support.

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